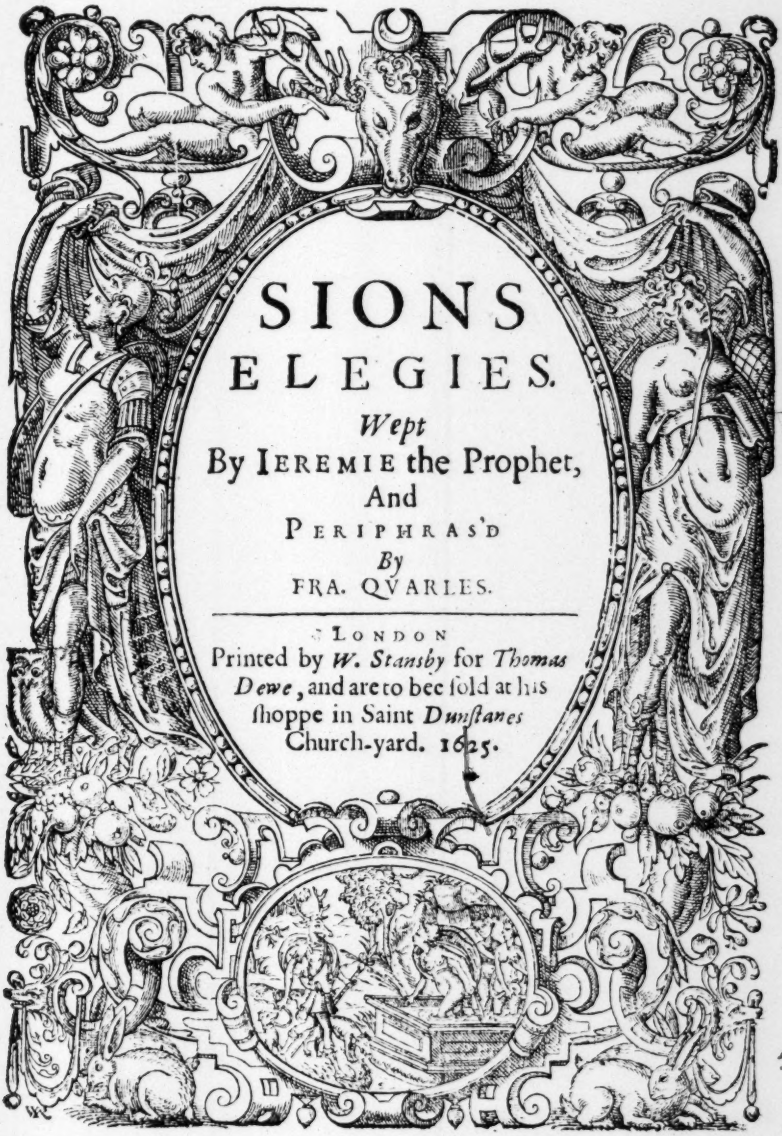
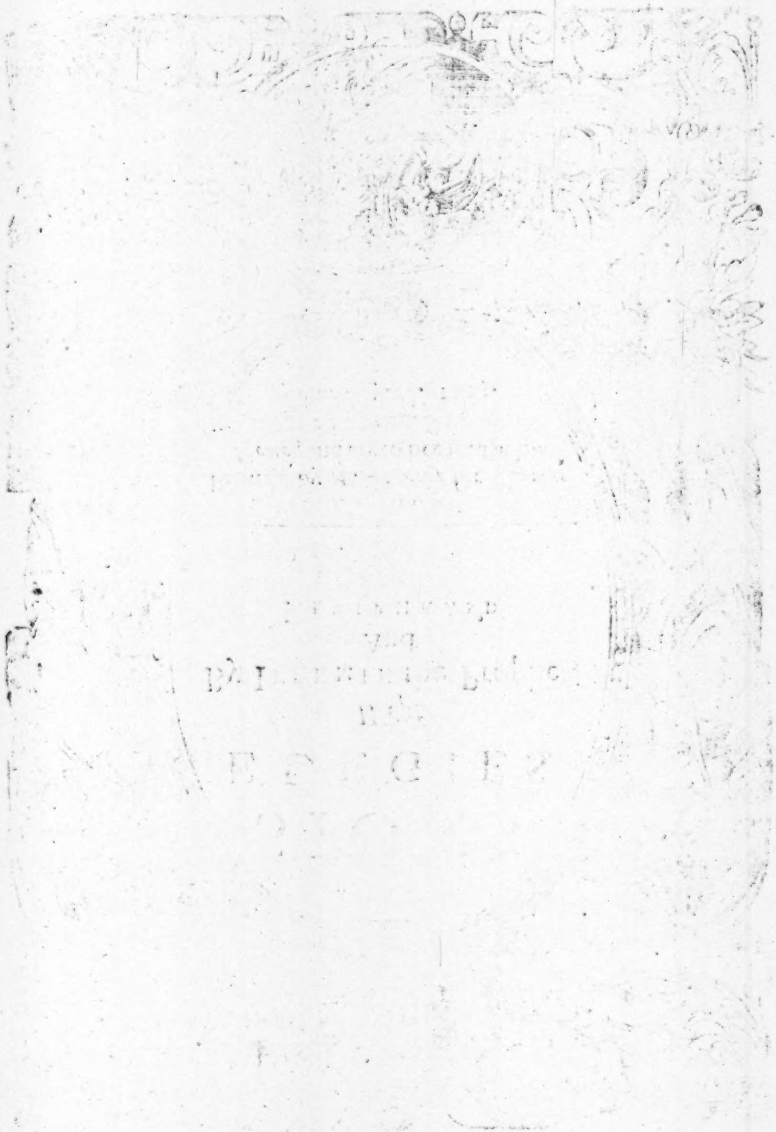


SIONS ELEGIES.

Wept
By IEREMIE the Prophet,
And
PERIPHRAS'D
By
FRA. QVARLES.

LONDON
Printed by *W. Stansby* for *Thomas Dewe*, and are to bee ſold at his ſhoppe in Saint *Dunſtanes* Church-yard. 1625.



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TO

THE GREAT EXAMPLE OF HONOVR, *WORTH, AND PIETIE,* WILLIAM, *Earle of Pembroke.*

WHen Time had brought this Embrion to the light,
It wept, it cryde, and oft it deeply ſight;
I ask'd my Muſe the cauſe; Shee made no other
Reply, then this, Shee's like the Muſe, her mother;
I ask'd her name; Shee ſaid, *Melpominé,*
I ask'd a Patrone, and ſhee named *Thee.*
To Thee, the Darling of my child-bed Muſe,
I here preferre thoſe long deuoted dues,
I owe to Honor; with a truer heart
None e're preſented, though with greater Art:
My Muſe, perſwades me, though her Infant cry,
You'll pardon't, when you reade the reaſon, why.

TO THE READER.

IF *the ruines of* Troy, Rome, Thebes, *or* Carthage *haue been thought a ſubiect, worthy the imployment of more ſerious Pennes, to entayle the remembrance thereof to Poſteritie, how much more worthy the paines of a liuelyer Pen then mine, is this ancient, moſt true, and neuer-enough to be lamented deſolation, and captiuitie of* Ieruſalem, Ieruſalem, *the holy Citie of God,* Ieruſalem, *the type of the Catholike Church?*

After eighteene moneths ſiege in the eleuenth yeere of Zedekiah, *the ninth day of the fourth moneth, (which was the eighteenth yeere of* Nebucadonozor *ouer* Babylon) *the Princes of* Babylon *ſurprized and tooke this braue Citie of* Ieruſalem: *preſently after which,* Nebuzaradan *the Generall of the* Babylonian *Armie commanded by* Nebucadonozor) *ſpoyled the Temple, carried away the Veſſels of gold and ſiluer, that were conſecrated to Gods ſeruice, and the great Lauar giuen by King* Salomon, *and burned the Temple, the firſt day of the next moneth, which was one and twentie dayes after the ſurprizall: 470. yeeres ſixe moneths, and ten dayes after the foundation thereof; 1062. yeeres, ſixe moneths, ten dayes after the departure of the people out of* Egypt; *1950. yeeres, ſixe mo-*

Reade *Ioſephus de Antiq. Iud. lib. 10. cap. 10.*

moneths, ten dayes after the Deluge; and 3513. *yeeres, ſixe moneths, ten dayes after the Creation of* Adam. *Thus, and then, was this Citie of* Ieruſalem *taken, and for ſeuentie yeeres, remayned the Iewes in this Captiuitie: And this, in briefe, is the generall occaſion why, and the time when theſe Lamentations were compoſed. Reader, I tender to thy conſideration, two things; Firſt, the Pen-man: ſecondly, the Art and Methode of this* Threnodia. *As for the firſt, It was penn'd by* Ieremie *the Prophet, the ſonne of* Hilkiah *a Prieſt; and vndoubtedly endighted by the Spirit of God; ſome thinke it was written, when the Prophet was in priſon; others, when hee was with* Godoliah *at* Maſpath: *but whither at the one place or at the other, it is not much materiall to diſcourſe.*

Secondly, as touching the Art and Methode, it is ſhort and conciſe, as being moſt naturall to ſo lamentable a ſubject.: Cicero *ſayes*, Lamentationes debent eſſe conciſæ, & breues, quia cito lachryma exareſcit, & difficile eſt, auditores aut lectores, in illo affectu ſummæ commiſerationis, diu tenere. *The Methode is truly elegious, not bound to any ordinarie ſet forme, but wildly depending vpon the ſudden ſubject, that new griefes preſent; and indeed the deepeſt ſorrowes can not be, but diſtracted from all rules of methode, the neglect of which, is veniall in ſuch ejulations as theſe, as which, in all the Scriptures, there is none ſo copious, none ſo ardent, concerning which* Gregorie Nazianzene *confeſſes*, Threnos Ieremiæ nunquam à ſe ſiccis oculis lectos eſſe. *Yet ſome think there is a methode kept, but too fine and intricate, for our groſſe apprehenſions; touching this point, Saint*

Am-

Ambroſe lib. 8. Epiſt. ad Iuſt. *ſayes*, Demus, eas ſecundum artem non ſcripſiſſe, at certè ſecundum gratiam ſcripſiſſe fatendum eſt, quæ omnem artem longè ſuperat, *and with this I reſt.*

You ſhall obſerue, that the foure firſt Chapters of theſe Lamentations carry a ſtrict order, in the Originall, for euery Verſe throughout euery Chapter begins with a ſeuerall letter of the Hebrew Alphabet, except the third Chapter, wherein the firſt and euery third Verſe onely is tyed to a Letter, and continues the Alphabet through, which forme the Prophet vſed, partly for Eloquence, partly for Memorie ſake, meaning either literally thus, that it ought to be perfect as the Alphabet, in Memorie, or Hieroglyphically thus, that as the Alphabet is the Radix of all wordes, ſo the miſeries of the Iewes, were the combination of all miſeries.

For the ſame Cauſes, I likewiſe here in my Periphraſe, haue obſerued the ſame forme, and continue the Alphabet, in Engliſh, as the Prophet did in Hebrew, deſirous to be his ſhaddow, as much as I can.

It appeares by the ſtrictneſſe of the order, that theſe Lamentations were Originally writ in Verſe, and as ſome thinke, in Sapphicks, but many of our learned Neotericks denie, that any writings of the Iewes carry, now, any direct, or certaine Lawes of Poeſie, though (they confeſſe) ſome ruinous Accents, here and there diſcouered, makes them imagin, they writ ſome things in verſe, but now, it ſeemes that God in diſperſing them, hath likewiſe diſſolued, and ſtrucke dumbe their muſicke.

Farewell.

TO THE TRVE THEANTHROPOS, Ieſus Chriſt, THE *SAVIOVR* OF THE WORLD:

His Seruant implores his *fauourable aßiſtance.*

THou *Alpha*, and *Omega*, before whom,
Things *paſt*, and *preſent*, and things, yet *to come*,
Are all alike; O, proſper my Deſignes,
And let thy Spirit inrich my feeble lines;
Reviue my paſſion; let mine eye behold
Thoſe ſorrowes, preſent, which were wept of old:
Strike ſad my Soule, and giue my Pen, the art
To mooue, and Mee, an vnderſtanding heart.
O, let the Accent of each word, make knowne,
I mixe the Teares of *Sion*, with mine owne:
Preſerue all ſuch, as beare true hearts to *Sion*;
Wee are thy *Lambes*, O, bee thou ſtill our *Lion*.

SIONS ELEGIES.

Threnodia I.

Eleg. I.

AH griefe of Times! Ah, ſable times of Griefe,
Whoſe torments finde a voice, but no reliefe;
Are theſe the buildings? Theſe the towers, & ſtate,
That all th'amazed Earth ſtood wondring at?
Is this that Citie, whoſe eternall Glorie,
Could finde no period, for her endleſſe ſtorie?
And is ſhee come to this? Her Buildings raz'd?
Her Towers burnt? Her Glorie thus defac'd?
O ſudden Change! O world of Alterations!
Shee, ſhee that was the Prince, the Queene of Nations,
See, how ſhee lyes, of ſtrength, of all, bereiu'd,
Now paying Tribute, which ſhee once receiu'd.

ELEG. 2.

BEhold! her eyes, thoſe glorious eyes, that were
Like two faire Sunnes, in one celeſtiall Sphære,
Whoſe radiant beames did, once, reflect ſo bright,
Are now eclipſed, and haue loſt their light,
And ſeeme like Ilands, about which, appeares
A troubled Ocean, with a Tide of teares;
Her ſeruant Cities, that were once, at hand,
And bow'd their ſeruile necks, to her command,
Stand all aloofe, as ſtrangers to her mone,
And giue her leaue, to ſpend her teares alone;
Her Neighbours flatter, with a falſe reliefe,
And with a kiſſe, betray her, to her griefe.

ELEG. 3.

COmpaſt around, with Seas of briny teares,
Iudah laments, diſtraught with double feares;
Euen as the fearfull Partridge, to excuſe her
From the fierce Goſ-hawke, that too cloſe purſues her,
Falls in a Couert, and her ſelfe doth couer,
From her vnequall Foe, that ſits aboue her,
Meanewhile, the treaſon of the quick Retriuers,
Diſcouers nouell dangers, and deliuers
Her to a ſecond feare, whoſe double fright
Findes ſafetie, nor in ſtaying, nor in flight;
Euen ſo, is *Iudah* vext, with change of woes,
Betwixt her home-bred, and her forrein Foes.

ELEG.

ELEG. 4.

DId not theſe ſacred Cawſies, that are leading
To *Sion*, late, ſeeme pau'd, with often treading?
Now ſecret Dens, for lurking Theeues to meet,
Vnpreſt, vnleſſe with ſacrilegious feet;
Sion, the Temple of the higheſt GOD,
Stands deſolate, her holy ſteps vntrod;
Her Altars are defac'd, her Virgin fires
Surceaſe, and with a ſtinke, her ſnuffe expires;
Her Prieſts haue chang'd their Hymns to ſighes & cries,
Her Virgins weepe forth Riuers from their eyes:
O *Sion*, thou that wert the Childe of mirth,
Art now the ſcorne, and By-word of the Earth.

ELEG 5.

ENcreas'd in power, and high Cheuiſaunce
Of armes, thy Tyrant foemen doe aduaunce
Their craftie creſts; He, he that was thy father,
And crownd thee, once, with bleſſings, now doth gather
His troops to worke thy end; Him, who aduanc't thee
To be Earths Queene, thy ſins haue bent againſt thee:
Strange ſpectacle of Griefe! Thy tender frie,
Whom childhood taught no language, but their crie,
T'expreſſe their infant griefe, theſe, wretched theſe,
By force of childiſh teares, could not appeaſe
The ruthleſſe Sword, which, deafe to all their cryes,
Did driue them Captiues, from their mothers eyes.

ELEG. 6.

FAire Virgin *Sion*, where (ah) where are thoſe
Pure cheekes, wherein, the Lilly, and the Roſe,
So much contended, lately, for the place,
Till both compounded, in thy glorious face?
How haſt thou blear'd, thoſe ſun-bright eyes, of thine,
Thoſe beames, the royall Magazens of diuine
And ſacred Majeſtie, from whoſe pure light,
The purblind worldlings, did receiue their ſight,
Thy fearfull Princes, leaue their fenceleſſe Towers,
And flie like Harts, before their ſwift purſuers,
Like light-foot Harts they flie, not knowing, where,
Prickt on with Famin, and diſtracted Feare.

ELEG: 7.

GAll'd with her griefe, *Ieruſalem* recalls
To minde, her loſt delights, her Feſtiualls,
Her peacefull freedome, and full joyes, in vaine
Wiſhing, what Earth cannot reſtore againe;
Succour ſhee ſought, and begg'd, but none was there,
To giue the Almes, of one poore trickling teare,
The ſcornfull lips, of her amazed Foes,
Deride the griefe, of her diſaſtrous woes;
They laugh, and lay more ample torments on her,
Diſdaine to looke, and yet they gaze vpon her,
Abuſe her Altars, hate her Offerings,
Prophane her Sabbaths, and her holy Things.

ELEG. 8.

HAdſt thou *(Ieruſalem)* ô, had thy heart
Beene loyall to his loue, whoſe once thou wert,
O, had the beames of thy vnvailed eye,
Continu'd pure; had'ſt thou beene nice, to trie
New pleaſures, thus thy Glorie ne're had waſted,
Thy Walls, till now, like thy Reproach, had laſted.
Thy Louers, whoſe falſe beauties did entice thee,
Haue ſeene thee naked, and doe now deſpiſe thee,
Drunke with thy wanton pleaſures, they are fled,
And ſcorne the bountie, of thy loathed bed;
Left to thy guilt (the ſeruant of thy ſin)
Thou ſham'ſt to ſhow, what once, thou gloried'ſt in.

ELEG. 9.

I*Eruſalem* is all infected ouer
With leproſie, whoſe filth, no ſhade can couer,
Puſt vp with pride, vnmindfull of her end,
See, how ſhee lyes, deuoid of helpe, or friend.
Great Lord of Lords (whoſe Mercy farre tranſcends
Thy ſacred Iuſtice) whoſe full Hand attends
The cryes of emptie Rauens, bow downe thine eares,
To wretched *Sion*, *Sion* drown'd in teares;
Thy Hand did plant her (Lord) ſhee is thy Vine,
Confound her Foes, they are her foes, and thine:
Shew wonted fauour, to thy holy Hill,
Rebuild her walls, and loue thy *Sion* ſtill.

ELEG. 10.

KNees, falſly bent to *Dagon*, now defile
Her waſted Temple, rudely they diſpoile
Th'abuſed Altars, and no hand releeues;
Her Houſe of prayer is turn'd a Den of theeues,
Her coſtly Robes, her ſacred treaſure ſtands,
A willing prey to ſacrilegious hands,
Her Prieſts are ſlaine, and in a lukewarme flood,
Through euery Channell runnes the Leuits blood;
The hallowed Temple of the higheſt GOD,
Whoſe purer Foot-ſteps, were not to be trod
With vnprepared feet, before her eye
Is turn'd a Groue, for baſe Idolatrie.

ELEG. 11

LIngring with Death and Famin, *Iudah* groanes,
And to the Aire, breathes forth her ayrie moanes,
Her fainting Eyes waxe dimme, her Cheeks grow pale,
Her wandring ſteps deſpaire to ſpeede, and faile,
Shee faints, and through her trembling lips (halfe dead)
Shee whiſpers oft, the holy name of Bread:
Great GOD, let thy offended wrath ſurceaſe,
Behold thy ſeruants, ſend thy ſeruants peace,
Behold thy vaſſalls, groueling on the duſt;
Be mercifull (deare GOD) as well as juſt;
'Tis thou, 'tis thou alone, that ſent this griefe,
'Tis thou, 'tis thou alone, can ſend reliefe.

ELEG.

ELEG. 12.

MY tongu's in labour with her painfull birth,
That findes no paſſage; Lord, how ſtrange a dearth
Of wordes, concomitates a world of woes!
I neither can conceale, nor yet diſcloſe:
You weary Pilgrims, you, whom change of Clymes
Haue taught the change of Fortunes, and of Times,
Stay, ſtay your feeble ſteps, and caſt your Eyes
On me, the Abſtract of all miſeries.
Say (Pilgrims) ſay, if e're your eyes beheld
More truer Iliades; more vnparalleld,
And mateleſſe Euills, which my offended GOD
Reulcerates, with his enraged Rod.

ELEG. 13.

NO humane power could, no enuious Art
Of mortall man, could thus ſubiect my heart,
My glowing heart, to theſe imperious fires:
No earthly ſorrow, but at length expires;
But theſe my Tyrant-torments doe extend
To Infinites, nor hauing eaſe, nor end;
Lo, I the Pris'ner of the higheſt GOD,
Inthralled to the vengeance of his Rod,
Lie bound in fetters, that I cannot flie,
Nor yet endure his deadly ſtrokes, nor die:
My ioyes are turn'd to ſorrowes, backt with feares,
And I (poore I) lie pickled vp in teares.

ELEG:

ELEG. 14.

O! How vnſufferable is the waight
Of ſinne! How miſerable is their ſtate,
The ſilence of whoſe ſecret ſinne conceales
The ſmart, till Iuſtice to Reuenge appeales!
How ponderous are my Crimes, whoſe ample ſcroule,
Weighs downe the pillars of my broken Soule!
Their ſower, maſqu'd with ſweetneſſe, ouerſwai'd me,
And with their ſmiling kiſſes, they betrai'd me,
Betrai'd me to my Foes, and what is worſe,
Betrai'd me to my ſelfe, and heauens curſe,
Betrai'd my ſoule, to an eternall griefe,
Deuoid of hope, for e're to finde reliefe.

ELEG.. 15.

PErplext with change of woes, where e're I turne
My fainting eyes, they finde freſh cauſe, to mourne;
My griefes mooue like the Planets, which appeare
Chang'd from their places, conſtant to their Sphære;
Behold, the Earth-confounding arme of heauen,
Hath cow'd my valiant Captaines, and hath driuen
Their ſcattered forces vp and downe the ſtreet,
Like worried ſheepe, afraid of all they meet;
My yonger men, the ſeede of propagation,
Exile hath driuen from my diuided Nation;
My tender Virgins haue not ſcap'd their rage,
Which neither had reſpect to youth, nor age.

ELEG.

ELEG. 16.

QVick change of Torments! equall to thoſe crimes,
Which paſt vnthought-of, in my proſp'rous times;
From hence proceede my griefes, (ah me) from hence,
My ſpring-tyde ſorrowes haue their influence;
For theſe, my ſoule diſſolues, my eyes lament,
Spending thoſe teares, whoſe ſtore will ne're be ſpent;
For theſe, my fainting ſpirits droope, and melt
In anguiſh, ſuch as neuer Mortall felt;
Within the ſelfe-ſame flames, I freeze, and frie,
I roare for helpe, and yet no helpe is nigh;
My ſonnes are loſt, whoſe fortunes ſhould relieue me,
And onely ſuch triumph, that hourely grieue me.

ELEG. 17.

REnt from the glorie of her loſt renowne,
Sion laments; Her lips (her lips o'reflowne
With floods of teares) ſhee prompteth how to breake
New languages, inſtructs her tongue to ſpeake
Elegious Dialects; Shee lowly bends
Her duſtie knees vpon the earth, extends
Her brawneleſſe armes to them, whoſe ruthleſſe eyes
Are red, with laughing at her miſeries;
Naked ſhee lyes, deform'd, and circumvented
With troopes of feares, vnpitied, vnlamented,
A loathſome draine for filth, deſpis'd, forlorne;
The ſcorne of Nations, and the Childe of ſcorne.

ELEG. 18.

SOwre wages iſſue from the ſweets of ſin.
Heauens hand is juſt, this treacherous heart hath bin
The author of my woes: 'Tis I alone;
My ſorrowes reape, what my foule ſinnes haue ſowne;
Often they cry'd to Heauen, e're Heauen replyde,
And Vengeance ne're had come, had they ne're cryde;
All you that paſſe, vouchſafe your gracious eares,
To heare theſe cryes, your eyes, to view theſe teares;
They are no heat-drops of an angrie heart,
Or childiſh paſſions of an idle ſmart,
But they are Riuers, ſpringing from an Eye,
Whoſe ſtreames, no ioy can ſtop, no griefe draw drye.

ELEG. 19.

T'Vrne where I liſt, new cauſe of woe, preſents
My poore diſtracted ſoule with new laments;
Where ſhall I turne? Shall I implore my friends?
Ah! ſummer-friendſhip, with the ſummer ends;
In vaine to them my groanes, in vaine my teares,
For harueſt friends, can finde no winter eares;
Or ſhall I call my ſacred Prieſts for aid;
Alas! my pined Prieſts are all betraid
To Death, and Famin; in the ſtreits they cryde
For bread, and whilſt they ſought for bread, they dyde:
Vengeance could neuer ſtrike ſo hard a blowe,
As when ſhee ſends an vnlamented woe.

ELEG.

ELEG. 20.

VOuchſafe (great GOD) to turne thy tender eyes
On me, poore wretch : ô, let my mid-night cryes,
(That neuer ceaſe, if neuer ſtopt with teares)
Procure audience from thy gracious eares;
Behold thy creature, made by change of griefe
The bareſt wretch, that euer begg'd reliefe;
See, ſee, my ſoule is tortur'd on thy racke,
My bowells tremble, and my heart-ſtrings crack;
Abroad, the ſword with open ruine frights me;
At home, the ſecret hand of Famin ſmights me;
Strange fires of griefe! How is my ſoule oppreſt,
That findes abroad, no peace; at home, no reſt!

ELEG. 21.

WWHere, where art thou, ô ſacred Lambe of peace,
That promis'd to the heauie laden, eaſe?
Thee, thee alone, my often bended knee
Inuokes, that haue no other helpe, but Thee;
My foes (amazed at my hoarſe complayning)
Scoffe at my oft repeated cryes, diſdayning
To lend their proſp'rous hand, they hiſſe and ſmile,
Taking a pleaſure to behold my ſpoile;
Their hands delight to bruze my broken reeds,
And ſtill perſiſt, to prick that heart, that bleeds;
But ther's a Day (if Prophets can diuine)
Shall ſcourge their ſinnes, as they haue ſcourged mine.

ELEG. 22.

YOu noyſome Weedes, that lift your Creſts ſo high,
When better Plants, for want of moiſture, die,
Thinke you to flouriſh euer? and (vnſpide)
To ſhoot the flowers of your fruitleſſe pride?
If Plants be lopt, becauſe their fruits are ſmall,
Thinke you to thriue, that beare no fruit at all?
Looke downe (great GOD) and from their places, teare
Theſe weeds, that ſuck the juyce, ſhould make vs beare;
Vndew'd with ſhowers, let them ſee no Sunne,
But feele thoſe froſts, that thy poore Plants haue done.
O, clenſe thy Garden, that the World may knowe,
We are the Seedes, that thy right Hand did ſowe.

SIONS ELEGIES.

Threnodia II.

Eleg. I.

ALas! my torments, my diſtracted feares,
Haue no commerce with reaſonable teares;
How hath heauens abſence darkned the renowne
Of *Sions* glorie! with one angrie frowne,
How hath th'Almightie clouded thoſe bright beames,
And chang'd her beauties ſtreamers, into ſtreames!
Sion, the glorie of whoſe refulgent Fame,
Gaue Earneſt of an euerlaſting name,
Is now become an indigeſted Maſſe,
And ruine is, where that braue glorie was;
How hath Heauen ſtruck her earth-admired name,
From th'height of honour, to the depth of ſhame!

ELEG. 2.

BEautie, nor ſtrength of building, could entice,
Or force Reuenge from her iuſt enterpriſe;
Mercy hath ſtopt her eares, and iuſtice hath
Powr'd out full vialls, of her kindled wrath;
Impatient of delay, ſhee hath ſtruck downe
The pride of *Sion*, kickt off *Iuda's* Crowne,
Her ſtreets vnpeopled, and diſperc'd her powres,
And with the ground hath leuell'd her high towres,
Her Prieſts are ſlaine, her captiu'd Princes are
Vnranſom'd pris'ners; Slaues, her men of warre;
Nothing remaynes of all her wonted glorie,
But ſad Memorialls of her tragick ſtorie.

ELEG. 3.

CONfuſed horror, and confounded ſhame,
Hath blurr'd the beautie, and renowned name
Of righteous *Iſrael*; *Iſraels* fruitfull Land,
Entail'd by Heauen, with the vſurping hand
Of vncontrolled Gentiles, is laid waſte,
And with the ſpoile of ruine is defac't;
The angrie mouth of Iuſtice blowes the fires
Of haſtie Vengeance, whoſe quick flame aſpires,
With furie, to that place, which Heauen did ſeuer,
For *Iacob*, and his holy Seede, for euer;
No part, no ſecret Angle of the Land,
Which beares no marke of Heauens enraged hand.

ELEG.

ELEG. 4.

DArts, thrill'd from heauen, transfixe my bleeding hart,
And fill my ſoule with euerlaſting ſmart,
Whoſe feſtring wound, no fortune can recure;
Th'Almightie ſtrikes but ſeldome, but ſtrikes ſure;
His ſinowy arme hath drawne his ſteely bowe,
And ſent his forked ſhafts, to ouerthrowe
My pined Princes, and to ruinate
The weakned Pillars, of my wounded ſtate;
His hand hath ſcourg'd my deare delights, acquited
My ſoule, of all, where in my ſoule delighted;
I am the Mirrour of vnmaſqued ſin,
To ſee her (dearely purchas'd) pleaſures in.

ELEG. 5.

EVen as the Pilot, whoſe ſharpe Keele diuides
Th'encountring waues, of the *Cicilian* Tides,
Toſt on the liſts of Death, ſtriuing to ſcape
The danger of deepe mouth'd *Carybdis* rape,
Rebutts on *Scylla*, with a forc'd careere,
And wrecks vpon a leſſe ſuſpected feare;
Euen ſo poore I, contriuing to withſtand
My Foemans, fall into th'Almightes hand;
So I, the Childe of ruine, to auoyd
Leſſe dangers, by a greater am deſtroyd:
How neceſſarie, Ah! How ſharp's his end,
That neither hath his GOD, nor Man, to friend!

ELEG.

ELEG. 6.

FOrgotten *Sion* hangs her drooping head,
Vpon her fainting breſt; Her ſoule is fed
With endleſſe griefe, whoſe torments had depriu'd her
Long ſince, of life, had not new paines reviu'd her;
Sion is like a Garden, whoſe defence
Being broke, is left to the rude violence
Of waſtefull Swine, full of neglected waſte,
Nor hauing flowre for ſmell; nor herbe for taſte;
Heauen takes no pleaſure in her holy Feaſts,
Her idle ſabbaths, or burnt fat of beaſts;
Both State, and Temple are deſpoil'd, and fleec't
Of all their beautie; without Prince, or Prieſt.

ELEG: 7.

GLorie, that once did Heauens bright Temple fill,
Is now departed from that ſacred Hill;
See, how the emptie Altar ſtands diſguiz'd,
Abus'd by Gentiles, and by Heauen deſpiz'd;
That place, wherein the holy One hath taken
So ſweet delight, lyes loathed, and forſaken;
That ſacred place, wherein the pretious Name
Of great *Iehouah* was preſeru'd, the ſame
Is turn'd a Den for Theeues; an open ſtage,
For Vice, to act on; a defiled Cage
Of vncleane birds; a houſe of priuiledge
For ſinne, and vncontrolled ſacriledge.

ELEG. 8.

HEauen hath decreed; his angrie breaſt doth boile,
His time's expir'd, and he is arm'd to ſpoile;
His ſecret Will adjourn'd the righteous doome
Of threatned *Sion*, and her time is come;
His hand is arm'd with thunder, from his eyes,
A flame more quick, then ſulphrous *Ætna*, flyes;
Sion muſt fall; That hand, which hath begun,
Can neuer reſt, till the full worke be dun;
Her walls are ſunke, her Towres are ouerthrowne,
Heauen will not leaue a ſtone vpon a ſtone;
Hence, hence the flouds of roaring *Iudah* riſe,
Hence *Sion* fills the Ciſterns of her eyes.

ELEG. 9.

IOy is departed from the holy Gates
Of deare *Ieruſalem*, and peace retraits
From waſted *Sion*; her high walls, that were
An armed proofe, againſt the brunt of feare,
Are ſhrunke, for ſhame, if not withdrawne, for pitie,
To ſee the ruines, of ſo braue a Citie;
Her Kings, and out-law'd Princes liue conſtrain'd,
Howrely to heare the name of Heauen profan'd;
Manners and Lawes, the life of gouernment,
Are ſent into eternall baniſhment;
Her Prophets ceaſe to dreame; they vow, vnheard;
They howle to Heauen, but Heauen giues no regard.

ELEG. 10.

KIng, Prieſt, and People, all alike are clad,
In weedes of Sack-cloth, taken from the ſad
Wardrobe of ſorrow; proſtrate on the earth,
They cloſe their lips, their lips eſtrang'd to mirth;
Silent they ſit, for dearth of ſpeech, affords
A ſharper Accent, for true griefe, then words;
The Father wants a Sonne; the Sonne, a Mother;
The Bride, her Groome; the Brother wants his Brother;
Some, Famin; Exile, ſome; and ſome, the Sword
Hath ſlaine; All want, when *Sion* wants her Lord:
How art thou All in all! Ther's nothing ſcant
(Great GOD) with thee; without thee, all things want.

ELEG. 11.

LAunch forth, my ſoule, into a Sea of teares,
Whoſe ballac'd bulke, no other Pilot ſteares,
Then raging ſorrow, whoſe vncertaine hand,
Wanting her Compaſſe, ſtrikes on euery ſand;
Driuen with a ſtorme of ſighes, ſhee ſeekes the Hauen
Of reſt, but like to *Noahs* wandring Rauen,
Shee ſcowres the Mayne, and, as a Sea-loſt Rouer,
Shee roames, but can no land of peace, diſcouer:
Mine eyes are faint with teares; Teares haue no end;
The more are ſpent, the more remayne to ſpend:
What Marble (ah) what Adamantine eye,
Can looke on *Sions* ruine, and not crye?

ELEG.

ELEG. 12.

MY tongue? The tongues of Angels, are too faint,
T'expreſſe the cauſes of my juſt complaint;
See, how the pale-fac'd ſucklings roare for food,
And from their milkleſſe mothers breſts, draw blood,
Children ſurceaſe their ſerious toyes, and plead
With trickling teares, Ah mothers, giue vs bread;
Such goodly Barnes, and not one graine of corne,
Why did the Sword eſcape's? why were we borne
To be deuour'd, and pin'd with famin? ſaue vs
With quick reliefe, or take the liues, you gaue vs;
They cryde for bread, that ſcarce had breath to crye;
And wanting meanes to liue, found meanes to dye.

ELEG. 13.

NEuer, ah! neuer yet, did vengeance brand
A State, with deeper ruine, then thy Land,
Deare *Sion*; How could miſchiefe beene more keene,
Or ſtruck thy glorie, with a ſharper ſpleene?
Whereto *(Ieruſalem)* to what ſhall I
Compare this thy vnequall'd miſerie?
Turne back to ages paſt; Search deepe Records:
Theirs are, thine cannot be expreſt, in words;
Would, would to GOD, my liues cheape price might be
Eſteem'd of valew, but to ranſome thee;
Would I could cure thy griefe; but who is able,
To heale that wound, that is immedicable?

ELEG. 14.

O *Sion*, had thy proſp'rous ſoule endur'd
Thy Prophets ſcourge, thy ioyes had beene ſecur'd;
But thou (ah thou) haſt lent thine itching eare,
To ſuch as claw'd, and onely ſuch, would'ſt heare;
Thy Prophets, 'nointed with vnhallow'd oile,
Rubb'd, where they ſhould haue launcht, & did beguile
Thy abuſed faith, their fawning lips did crie
Peace, peace, alas, when there was no peace nigh;
They quilted ſilken curtains for thy crimes,
Belyde thy GOD, and onely pleas'd the Times;
Deare *Sion*, oh; hadſt thou, but had the skill,
To ſtop thine eares, thou hadſt beene *Sion* ſtill.

ELEG. 15.

PEople, that trauell through thy waſted Land,
Gaze on thy ruines, and amazed ſtand,
They ſhake their ſpleenfull heads, diſdaine, deride
The ſudden downfall, of ſo faire a pride;
They clap their ioyfull hands, and fill their tongs
With hiſſes, ballads, and with Lyrick ſongs;
Her torments giue their emptie lips new matter,
And, with their ſcornfull fingers, point they at her;
Is this (ſay they) that place, whoſe wonted fame,
Made troubled Earth, to tremble at her name?
Is this that State? are theſe, thoſe goodly Stations?
Is this that Miſtris, and that Queene of Nations?

ELEG. 16.

QVencht are the dying Embers of Compaſſion,
For emptie ſorrow, findes no Lamentation;
When as thy Harueſt flouriſht with full eares,
Thy ſlighteſt griefe, brought in a Tyde of teares;
But now, alas! thy Crop conſum'd, and gon,
Thou art but food, for beaſts to trample on;
Thy ſeruants glorie in thy ruine, thoſe
That were thy priuate friends, are publike foes;
Thus, thus (ſay they) we ſpit our rancrous ſpleene,
And gnaſh our teeth, vpon the worlds faire Queene;
Thrice welcome this (this long expected) day,
That crownes our conqueſt, with ſo ſweeta pray.

ELEG. 17.

REbellious *Iudah!* Could thy flattring Crimes
Secure thee, from the danger of theſe times?
Or did thy ſummer Prophets e're foreſay
Theſe euills, or warne thee of a winters day?
Did not thoſe ſweet-lipt Oracles beguile
Thy wanton eares, with newes of Wine, and Oile?
But Heauen is iuſt; what his deepe Counſell will'd,
His Prophets told, and Iuſtice hath fulfill'd;
He hath deſtroyd; no ſecret place, ſo voyd,
No Fort ſo ſure, that Heauen hath not deſtroyd;
Thou Land of *Iudah!* How's thy ſacred Throne,
Become a Stage, for Heath'n, to trample on?

ELEG. 18.

SEe, ſee, th'accurſed Gentiles doe inherit
The Land of promiſe; where heauens ſacred Spirit
Built Temples for his euerlaſting Name;
There, there, th'vſurping Pagans doe proclaime
Their idle Idols, vnto whom they gaue
That ſtollen honour, which heauens Lord ſhould haue:
Winke *Sion*; O, let not thoſe eyes be ſtain'd.
With heauens diſhonour, ſee not heauen profan'd;
Cloſe, cloſe thine eyes, or if they needs muſt bee
Open, like flood-gates to let water flee,
Yet let the violence of their flowing ſtreames
Obſcure thine open eyes, and maske their beames.

ELEG: 19.

TRuſt not thine eye-lids, leaſt a flattering ſleepe,
Bribe them to reſt, and they forget to weepe;
Powre out thy heart, thy heart diſſolu'd in teares,
Weepe forth thy plaints, in the Almighties eares;
Oh, let thy cryes, thy cryes, to heauen addreſt,
Diſturbe the ſilence of thy mid-night reſt;
Preferre the ſad Petitions of thy ſoule
To Heauen, ne're cloſe thy lips, till Heauen condole
Confounded *Sion*, and her wounded weale;
That GOD that ſmit, oh, moone that GOD to heale;
Oh, let thy tongue ne're ceaſe to call, thine eye,
To weepe, thy penſiue heart, ne're ceaſe to cry.

ELEG. 20.

VOuchſafe, oh thou eternall Lord of pitie,
To looke on *Sion*, and thy deareſt Citie,
Confus'd *Ieruſalem*, for thy DAVID'S ſake,
And for that Promiſe, which thy ſelfe did make
To halting *Iſ'rel*; Loe, thy hand hath forc'd *Gen.35.12.*
Mothers (whom lawleſſe Famin, hath diuorc'd
From deare affection) to deuoure the bloomes,
And buds, that burgeond from their painfull wombes;
Thy ſacred Prieſts, and Prophets that whilere,
Did howrely whiſper, in thy neighb'ring eare,
Are ſalne before the ſacrilegious ſword,
Euen where, euen whilſt they did vnfold thy Word.

ELEG. 21.

WOunded, and waſted, by th'eternall Hand
Of Heauen, I grouell on the ground; my Land
Is turn'd a *Golgotha*, before mine eye,
Vnſepulchred my murthred people lye;
My dead lye rudely ſcattred on the ſtones,
My Cawſies all are pau'd with dead mens bones;
The fierce Deſtroyer doth alike forbeare
The Maidens trembling, and the Matrons teare,
Th'impartiall ſword ſpares neither Foole, nor Wiſe,
The Old mans pleading; nor the Infants cryes;
Vengeance is deafe, and blinde; and ſhee reſpects
Nor Young, nor Old, nor Wiſe, nor Foole, nor Sexe.

ELEG. 22.

YEeres, heauy laden with their months, retire;
Months, gone their date of numbred dayes, expire;
The Dayes, full howerd, to their period tend;
And Howres, chac'd with light foot minutes, end;
Yet my vndated Euills, no time will miniſh, (niſh:
Though Yeers, & Months, though Daies & Howers, fi-
Feares flock about me, as inuited Gueſts,
Before the Portalls, at proclaimed feaſts; (fall;
Where Heauen hath breath'd, that man, that ſtate muſt
Heauen wants no Thunder-bolts, to ſtrike withall;
I am the Subiect, of that angrie Breath,
My Sonnes are ſlaine, and I am mark'd for death.

SIONS
ELEGIES.

Threnodia III.

Eleg. I.

All you, whoſe vnprepared lips did taſte
The tedious Cup of ſharpe affliction, caſte
Your wondings eyes on me, that haue drunke vp
Thoſe dregs, whereof you onely kiſt the Cup:
I am the Man, 'gainſt whom th'Eternall hath
Diſcharg'd the lowder volley of his wrath;
I am the man, on whom the brow of night
Hath ſcowl'd, vnworthy to behold the light;
I am the Man, in whom th'Almightie ſhowes
The dire example of vnpattern'd woes;
I am that Pris'ner, ranſome cannot free;
I am that Man; and I am onely Hee.

ELEG. 2.

BOndage hath forc'd my ſeruile necke to faile
Beneath her load; Afflictions nimble Flaile
Hath thraſht my ſoule vpon a floore of ſtones,
And quaſht the marrow of my broken bones;
Th'aſſembled powres of Heauen enrag'd, are eager
To roote me out; Heauens ſouldiers doe beleager
My worried ſoule, my ſoule vnapt for fleeing,
That yeelds, o'reburthen'd with her tedious being;
Th'Almighties hand hath clouded all my light,
And clad my ſoule with a perpetuall night,
A night of torments, and eternall ſorrow,
Like that of Death, that neuer findes a morrow.

ELEG. 3.

CHain'd to the brazen pillars of my woes,
I ſtriue in vaine; No mortall hand can looſe
What Heauen hath bound; My ſoule is wall'd about,
That Hope can nor get in, nor Feare get out;
When e're my wauering hopes to Heauen addreſſe
The feeble voice of my extreame diſtreſſe,
He ſtops his tyred eares; without regard
Of ſuit, or Sutor, leaues my prayers vnheard.
Before my faint and ſtumbling feet, he layes
Blocks to diſturbe my beſt aduiſed wayes;
I ſeeke my peace, but ſeeke my peace in vaine.
For euery way's a Trap; each path's a Traine.

ELEG. 4.

DIſturbed Lions are appeas'd with blood,
And rauenous Beares are mild, not wanting food,
But heauen (ah heauen!) will not implored bee:
Lions, and Beares are not ſo fierce as Hee:
His direfull vengeance (which no meane confines)
Hath croſt the thriuing of my beſt deſignes;
His hand hath ſpoil'd me, that erewhile aduanc't me,
Brought in my Foes, poſſeſt my Friends againſt me;
His Bowe is bent, his forked Rouers flye,
Like darted haile ſtones from the darkned skye;
Shot from a hand that cannot erre, they bee
Transfixed in no other marke, but mee.

ELEG. 5.

EXil'd from Heauen, I wander to and fro,
And ſeeke for ſtreames, as Stags new ſtriken doe,
And, like a wandring Hart I flee the Hounds,
With Arrowes deeply fixed in my wounds;
My deadly Hunters with a winged pace,
Pricke forwards, and purſue their wearie chace,
They whoope, they hallow me, deride, and flout me,
That flee from death, yet carrie death about me:
Exceſſe of torments hath my ſoule deceiu'd
Of all her ioyes, of all her powres bereiu'd.
O curious griefe, that haſt my ſoule brim-fill'd
With thouſand deaths, and yet my ſoule not kill'd!

ELEG. 6.

FOllow'd with troopes of feares, I flie in vaine,
For change of places, breedes new change of paine;
The baſe condition of my low eſtate,
My'exalted Foes diſdaine, and wonder at;
Turne where I liſt (theſe) theſe my wretched eyes,
They finde no objects, but new miſeries;
My ſoule, accuſtom'd to ſo long encreaſe
Of paines, forgets that ſhee had euer peace;
Thus, thus perplext, thus with my griefes diſtracted,
What ſhall I doe? Heauens powers are compacted,
To worke my eternall ruine; To what friend
Shall I make moane, when Heauen conſpires my end?

ELEG. 7.

GReat GOD! what helpe (ah me) what hope is left
To him, that of thy preſence is bereft?
Abſented from thy fauour, what remaines,
But ſenſe, and ſad remembrance of my paines?
Yet hath affliction op'ned my dull eare,
And taught me, what in weale I ne're could heare;
Her ſcourge hath tutor'd me with ſharpe corrections,
And ſwag'd the ſwelling of my proud affections;
Till now I ſlumbred in a proſp'rous dreame,
From whence awak'd, my griefes are more extreame;
Hopes, newly quickned, haue my ſoule aſſur'd,
That griefes diſcouer'd, are one halfe recur'd.

ELEG.

ELEG. 8.

HAd not the milder Hand of mercy broke
The furious violence, of that fatall ſtroke,
Offended Iuſtice ſtruck, we had beene quite
Loſt in the ſhaddowes of eternall night;
Thy mercy, Lord, is like the morning Sun,
Whoſe beames vndoe, what ſable night hath don;
Or like a ſtreame, the Current of whoſe courſe,
Reſtrain'd awhile, runnes with a ſwifter force;
Oh, let me ſwelter in thoſe ſacred beames,
And after, bathe me in theſe ſiluer ſtreames;
To thee alone, my ſorrowes ſhall appeale;
Hath Earth a wound, too hard for Heauen to heale?

ELEG. 9.

IN thee (deare Lord) my penſiue ſoule reſpires,
Thou art the fulneſſe of my choice deſires;
Thou art that ſacred Spring, whoſe waters burſt
In ſtreames to him, that ſeekes with holy thurſt;
Thrice happy man, thrice happy thirſt, to bring
The fainting ſoule to ſo, ſo ſweet a Spring;
Thrice happy he, whoſe well reſolued breſt
Expects no other aide, no other reſt;
Thrice happy he, whoſe downie age hath bin
Reclaim'd by ſcourges, from the prime of ſin,
And earely ſeaſon'd with the taſte of Truth,
Remembers his Creator in his youth.

ELEG. 10.

KNowledge concomitates Heauens painfull rod,
Teaches the ſoule to know her ſelfe, her GOD,
Vnſeiles the eye of Faith, preſents a morrow
Of ioy, within the ſableſt night of ſorrow;
Th'afflicted ſoule abounds in bareſt neede,
Sucks pureſt honie from the fouleſt weede,
Deteſts that good, which pamper'd reaſon likes,
Welcomes the ſtroke, kiſſes the hand that ſtrikes
In rougheſt Tides his well-prepared breſt,
Vntoucht with danger, findes a Hauen of reſt;
Hath all in all, when moſt of all bereauen;
In Earth, a Hell; in Hell, he findes a Heauen.

ELEG. 11.

LAbour perfected, with the euening ends,
The lampe of heauen (his courſe fulfill'd) deſcends;
Can workes of Nature ſeeke, and finde a reſt;
And ſhall the torments of a troubled breſt,
Impos'd by Natures all-commanding GOD,
Ne're know an end, ne're finde a period?
Deare ſoule, deſpaire not, whet thy dull beliefe
With hope; Heauens mercy will o'recome thy griefe;
From thee, not him, proceedes thy puniſhment,
Hee's ſlowe to wrath, and ſpeedie to relent;
Thou burn'ſt like gold, conſumeſt not like fuell;
O, wrong not Heauen, to thinke that Heauen is cruell.

ELEG. 12.

MOuntaines ſhall mooue, the Sun his circling courſe
Shall ſtop; Tridented *Neptune* ſhall diuorce
Th'embracing floods, from their beloued Iles,
Ere Heauen forgets his ſeruant, and recoiles
From his eternall vow: Thoſe, thoſe that bruiſe
His broken reedes, or ſecretly abuſe
The doubtfull Title of a rightfull Cauſe,
Or with falſe bribes adulterate the Lawes,
That ſhould be chaſte; theſe, theſe th'Almightie hath
Branded for ſubiects of a future wrath;
Oh, may the iuſt man know, th'Eternall haſtens
His plagues for trialls; loues the Childe he chaſtens.

ELEG. 13.

NO mortall power, nor ſupernall might,
Not *Lucifer*, nor no infernall ſpright,
Nor all together, ioyn'd in one commiſſion,
Can thinke or act, without diuine permiſſion;
Man wills, Heauen breathes ſucceſſe, or not, vpon it;
What good, what euill befals, but heauen hath done it?
Vpon his right hand, Health and Honours ſtand,
And flaming Scourges on the other hand:
Since then the ſtates of good or euill depend
Vpon his Will, (fond mortall) thou, attend
Vpon his Wiſedome; Why ſhould liuing Duſt
Complaine on Heauen becauſe that Heauen is iuſt?

ELEG.

ELEG. 14.

O Let the ballance of our euen-pois'd hearts,
Weigh our afflictions with our juſt deſarts,
And eaſe our heauie ſcale; Double the graines
We take from ſinne, Heauen taketh from our paines;
Oh, let thy lowly-bended eyes not feare
Th'Almighties frownes, nor husband one poore teare;
Be prodigall in ſighes, and let thy tongue,
Thy tongue, eſtrang'd to Heauen, crie all night long:
My ſoule, thou leau'ſt, what thy Creator did
Will thee to doe, haſt done what he forbid;
This, this, hath made ſo great a ſtrangeneſſe bee,
(If not diuorce) betwixt thy GOD, and thee.

ELEG. 15.

PRepar'd to vengeance, and reſolu'd to ſpoile,
Thy hand (iuſt GOD) hath taken in thy toile
Our wounded ſoules; That Arme, which hath forgot
His wonted mercy, kills and ſpareth not;
Our Crimes haue ſet a Barre, betwixt thy Grace
And Vs; thou haſt eclipſt thy glorious Face,
Haſt ſtopt thy gracious Eare, leſt prayers enforce
Thy tender Heart to pitie and remorſe:
See, ſee, great GOD, what thy deare Hand hath done;
We lye like droſſe, when all the gold is gone,
Contemn'd, deſpis'd, and like to Atomes, flye
Before the Sunne, the ſcorne of euery eye.

ELEG. 16.

QVotidian feuers of reproach, and ſhame,
Haue chill'd our Honour, and renowned Name;
We are become the By-word, and the ſcorne
Of Heauen and Earth; of Heauen and Earth, forlorne;
Our captiu'd ſoules are compaſt round about,
Within, with troopes of Feares; of Foes, without;
Without, within diſtreſt; and in concluſion,
We are the hapleſſe children of Confuſion;
Oh, how mine eyes, the riuers of mine eyes,
O'reflow theſe barren lips, that can deuiſe
No Dialect, that can expreſſe or borrow
Sufficient Metaphores, to ſhow my ſorrow!

ELEG. 17.

RIuers of mariſh teares haue ouer-flowne
My blubberd cheekes; my tongue can finde no Tone,
So ſharpe, as ſilence, to bewaile that woe,
Whoſe flowing Tides, an Ebbe could neuer knowe:
Weepe on (mine Eyes) mine eyes ſhall neuer ceaſe:
Speake on (my Tongue) forget to hold thy peace;
Ceaſe not thy teares; cloſe not thy lips, ſo long,
Till Heauen ſhall wipe thine eyes, & heare thy tongue;
What heart of braſſe, what Adamantine breſt
Can know the torments of my ſoule, and reſt?
What ſtupid braine, (ah me!) what marble eye
Can ſee theſe, theſe my Ruines, and not crye?

ELEG. 18.

SO hath the Fowler with his ſlye deceits
Beguild the harmeleſſe bird; ſo, with falſe baits
The treach'rous Angler, ſtrikes his nibbling pray;
Euen ſo my Foes, my guiltleſſe ſoule betray;
So haue my fierce Purſuers, with cloſe wiles
Inthralled me, and gloried in my ſpoiles;
Where vndermining Plots could not preuaile,
There miſchiefe did with ſtrength of arme aſſaile;
Thus in afflictions troubled billowes toſt,
I liue; but 'tis a life worſe had, then loſt:
Thus, thus o'rewhelm'd, my ſecret ſoule doth crie,
I am deſtroyd, and there's no helper nigh.

ELEG. 19.

THou great Creator, whoſe diuiner breath
Preſerues thy Creature, ioyſt not in his death,
Looke downe from thy eternall Throne, that art
The onely Rocke of a deſpairing heart;
Looke downe from heauen (ô thou) whoſe tender eare,
Once heard the trickling of one ſingle teare;
How art thou now eſtranged from his crye,
That ſends forth Riuers from his fruitfull eye?
How often haſt thou, with a gentle arme,
Rais'd me from death, and bid me feare no harme:
What ſtrange diſaſter caus'd this ſudden change;
How wert thou once ſo neare; and now, ſo ſtrange?

ELEG.

ELEG. 20.

VAnquiſht by ſuch, as thirſted for my life,
And brought my ſoule into a legall ſtrife,
How oft haſt thou (iuſt GOD) maintayn'd my cauſe,
And croſt the ſentence of their bloudie lawes?
Be ſtill my GOD, be ſtill that GOD thou wert,
Looke on thy Mercy, not on my Deſert;
Be thou the Iudge, betwixt my foes and mee;
The Aduocate, betwixt my ſoule and Thee;
'Gainſt thee (great Lord) their arme they haue aduanc'd,
And dealt that blow to thee, that thus hath glaunc'd
Vpon my ſoule; ſmite thoſe that haue ſmit thee,
And for thy ſake, diſcharge their ſpleens at mee.

ELEG. 21.

WHat ſquint-ey'd ſcorne, what flout, what wry-(mouth'd ſcoffe,
That ſullen pride e're tooke acquaintance of,
Hath ſcap'd the furie of my Foemans tongue,
To doe my ſimple Innocencie wrong?
What day, what houre, nay, what ſhorter ſeaſon,
Hath kept my ſoule ſecure, from the treaſon
Of their corrupted counſels, which diſpend
Dayes, nights and houres, to conſpire my end?
My ſorrowes are their ſongs, and as ſlight fables,
Fill vp the ſilence of their wanton tables;
Looke downe (iuſt GOD) and with thy powre diuine,
Behold my Foes; They be thy Foes, and mine.

ELEG. 22.

YEt ſleepes thy Vengeance? Can thy Iuſtice bee
So ſlowe to them, and yet ſo ſharpe to mee?
Diſmount (iuſt Iudge) from thy Tribunall Throne,
And pay thy Foemen, the deſerued lone
Of their vnjuſt deſignes; Make fierce thy hand,
And ſcourge thou them, as they haue ſcourg'd my land;
Breake thou their Adamantine hearts, and pound them
To duſt, and with thy finall curſe confound them;
Let horror ſeize their ſoules; ô may they bee
The ſcorne of Nations, that haue ſcorned Thee;
O, may they liue diſtreſt, and die bereaued
Of earths delights, and of the ioyes of Heauen.

SIONS ELEGIES.

Threnodia IIII.

Eleg. I.

ALas! what alterations! Ah, how ſtrange
Amazement flowes from ſuch an vncouth change!
Ambitious Ruine! Could thy razing hand
Finde ne're a ſubiect, but the Holy Land?
Thou ſacrilegious Ruine, to attempt
The Houſe of God! Was not heauens houſe exempt
From thy accurſed Rape? Ah me! Behold,
Sion, whoſe pauement of refulgent gold,
So lately did reflect, ſo bright, ſo pure,
How dimme, how droſſie now, (ah!) how obſcure!
Her ſacred ſtones lie ſcatter'd in the ſtreet,
For ſtumbling blocks before the Leuites feet.

ELEG. 2.

BEhold, her Princes, whoſe victorious browes
Fame oft had crowned, with her Laurell bowes,
See, how they hide their ſhame-confounded creſts,
And hang their heads vpon their fainting breſts;
Behold, her Captaines, and braue men at armes,
Whoſe ſpirits fired at warres loud alarmes,
Like worried ſheepe, how flee they from the noiſe
Of Drummes, and ſtartle at the Trumpets voice!
They faint, and like amazed Lions, ſhowe
Their fearfull heeles, if Chaunticleere but crowe;
How are the pillars *(Sion)* of thy ſtate
Transform'd to clay, and burniſht gold, ſo late!

ELEG. 3.

CAn furious Dragons heare their helpleſſe broode
Crie out, and fill their hungrie lips with foode?
Hath Nature taught fierce Tygers, to apply
The breſt, vnto their younglings emptie cry?
Haue ſauage beaſts time, place, and natures helps,
To feede, and foſter vp their idle whelps?
And ſhall the tender Babes of *Sion* cry,
And pine for foode, and yet their mothers by?
Dragons, and Tygers, and all ſauage beaſts
Can feede their young, but *Sion* hath no breſts:
Diſtreſſed *Sion*, more vnhappy farre,
Then Dragons, ſauage Beaſts, or Tygers are!

ELEG.

ELEG. 4.

DEath thou purſueſt, if from death thou flee,
Or if thou turn'ſt thy flight, death followes thee:
Thy ſtaffe of life is broke; for want of bread,
Thy Citie pines, and halfe thy Land is dead;
The ſonne t'his father weepes, makes fruitleſſe moane;
The father weepes vpon his weeping ſonne;
The brother calls vpon his pined brother,
And both come crying to their hungrie mother;
The emptie Babe, in ſtead of milke, drawes downe
His Nurſes teares, well mingled with his owne;
Nor change of place, nor time, with help ſupplyes thee;
Abroad, the Sword; Famin, at home deſtroyes thee.

ELEG. 5.

EXceſſe, and Surfeit now haue left thy Coaſt,
The lauiſh Gueſt, now wants his greedie Hoſt;
No wanton Cooke prepares his poynant meate,
To teach a ſaciate palate how to eate;
Now *Bacchus* pines, and ſhakes his feeble knees,
And pamp'red *Enuie* lookes as plump, as Hee's;
Diſcolour'd *Ceres*, that was once ſo faire,
Hath loſt her beautie, findg'd her golden haire;
Thy Princes mourne in rags, aſham'd t'infold
Their leaden ſpirits, in a caſe of gold;
From place, to place thy Stateſmen wandring are;
On euery dung-hill lyes a man of warre.

ELEG.

ELEG. 6.

FOule *Sodome*, and inceſtuous *Gomorrow*
Had my deſtruction, but ne're my ſorrow;
Vengeance had mercy there; Her hand did ſend
A ſharpe beginning, but a ſudden end;
Iuſtice was milde, and with her haſtie flaſhes
They fell, and ſweetly ſlept in peacefull Aſhes;
They felt no rage of an inſulting Foe,
Nor Famins pinching furie, as I doe;
They had no ſacred Temple to defile;
Or if they had, they would haue helpt to ſpoile;
They dyde but once, but I, poore wretched I,
Die many deaths, and yet haue more to die.

ELEG: 7.

GOld, from the mint; Milke, from the vberous Cow,
Was ne're ſo pure in ſubſtance, nor in ſhow,
As were my *Nazarites*, whoſe inward graces
Adorn'd the outward luſtre of their faces;
Their faces robb'd the Lilly, and the Roſe,
Of red and white; more faire, more ſweet then thoſe;
Their bodies were the Magazens of perfection,
Their skins vnblemiſht, were of pure complexion,
Through which, their Saphire-colour'd veines deſcride
The Azure beautie of their naked pride;
The flaming Carbuncle was not ſo bright,
Nor yet the rare diſcolour'd Chriſolite.

ELEG. 8.

HOw are my ſacred *Nazarites* (that were
The blazing Planets of my glorious Sphære)
Obſcur'd, and darkned in Afflictions clowd?
Aſtoniſht at their owne diſguize, they ſhrowd
Their foule transformed ſhapes, in the dull ſhade
Of ſullen darkneſſe; of themſelues afraide;
See, how the brother gazes on the brother,
And both afrighted, ſtart, and flie each other;
Black, as their Fates, they croſſe the ſtreets, vnkend;
The Sire, his ſonne; The friend diſclaimes his friend;
They, they that were the flowers of my Land,
Like with'red Weedes, and blaſted Hemlock ſtand.

ELEG. 9.

IMpetuous Famin, ſiſter to the Sword,
Left hand of Death, Childe of th'infernall Lord,
Thou Tort'rer of mankinde, that with one ſtroake,
Subiects the world to thy imperious yoake:
What pleaſure tak'ſt thou in the tedious breath
Of pined mortalls? or their lingring death?
The Sword, thy generous brother's not ſo cruell,
He kills but once, fights in a noble Duell,
But thou (malicious Furie) doſt extend
Thy ſpleene to all, whoſe death can finde no end;
Alas! my hapleſſe weale can want no woe,
That feeles the rage of Sword, and Famin too.

ELEG. 10.

KInde is that Death, whoſe weapons doe but kill,
But we are often ſlaine, yet dying ſtill;
Our torments are too gentle, yet too rough,
They gripe too hard, becauſe not hard enough;
My people teare their trembling fleſh, for food,
And from their ragged wounds, they ſuck forth blood;
The Father dies, and leaues his pined Courſe,
T'inrich his Heire, with meate; The hungrie Nurſe
Broiles her ſtaru'd ſuckling on the haſtie coales,
Deuours one halfe, and hides the reſt in holes:
O Tyrant Famin! that compell'ſt the Mother,
To kill one hungrie Childe, to feed an other!

ELEG. 11.

LAment, ô ſad *Ieruſalem*, lament;
O weepe, if all thy teares be yet vnſpent;
Weepe (waſted *Iudah*) let no drop be kept
Vnſhed, let not one teare be left, vnwept;
For angrie Heauen hath nothing left vndon,
To bring thy ruines to perfection:
No curſe, no plague the fierce Almightie hath
Kept back, to ſumme the totall of his wrath;
Thy Citie burnes; thy *Sion* is deſpoil'd;
Thy Wiues are rauiſht, and thy Maides defil'd;
Famin, at home; the Sword abroad deſtroyes thee;
Thou cry'ſt to heauen, and heauen his eare denyes thee.

ELEG.

ELEG. 12.

MAy thy dull ſenſes (ô vnhappy Nation,
Poſſeſt with nothing, now, but deſolation)
Collect their ſcatter'd forces, and behold
Thy nouell fortunes, ballanc'd with the old;
Could'ſt thou, ô could thy proſp'rous heart conceiue,
That mortall powre, or art of State could reiue
Thy illuſtrious Empire, of her ſacred glorie;
And make her ruines, the *Threnodian* ſtorie
Of theſe ſad times, and ages, yet to bee?
Enuie could pine, but neuer hope to ſee
Thy buildings cruſht, and all that glorie ended,
Which Man ſo fortifyde, and Heauen defended.

ELEG: 13.

NE're had the ſplendor of thy bright renowne
Beene thus extinguiſht (*Iudah*;) Thy faſt Crowne,
Had ne're beene ſpurn'd from thy Emperiall brow,
Plentie had nurs'd thy ſoule, thy peacefull plough
Had fill'd thy fruitfull Quarters with encreaſe,
Hadſt thou but knowne thy ſelfe, and loued peace;
But thou haſt broke that ſacred Truce, concluded
Betwixt thy God, and thee; vainly deluded
Thy ſelfe with thine owne ſtrength; With deadly feud
Thy furious Prieſts, and Prophets haue purſude
The mourning Saints of *Sion*, and did ſlay
All ſuch, as were more iuſt, more pure, then they.

ELEG. 14.

O How the Prieſts of *Sion*, whoſe pure light
Should ſhine to ſuch, as grope in Errors night,
And blaze like Lamps, before the darkned eye
Of Ignorance, to raiſe vp thoſe that lye
In dull deſpaire, and guide thoſe feet that ſtrey,
Ay me! How blinde, how darke, how dull are they!
Fierce rage, and furie driues them through the ſtreet,
And, like to mad-men, ſtabbe at all they meet;
They weare the purple Liuerie of Death,
And liue themſelues, by drawing others breath;
Say (waſted *Sion*) could Reuenge behold
So foule an acted Scene as this, and hold?

ELEG. 15.

PRophets, and ſacred Prieſts, whoſe tongues whilere,
Did often whiſper in th'Eternals eare,
Diſclos'd his Oracles, found readie paſſage
Twixt God, and Man, to carrie heauens Embaſſage,
Are now the ſubiects of deſerued ſcorne,
Of GOD forſaken, and of Man forlorne;
Accurſed Gentiles are aſham'd to knowe,
What *Sions* Prieſts are not aſham'd to doe;
They ſee, and bluſh, and bluſhing flee away,
Fearing to touch things ſo defil'd as they;
They hate the filth of their abomination,
And chace them forth, from their new cõquer'd nation.

ELEG.

ELEG. 16.

QVite baniſht from the joyes of earth, and ſmiles
Of heauen, and deeply buried in her ſpoiles,
Poore *Iudah* lyes; vnpitied, diſ-reſpected;
Exil'd the World; of GOD, of Man reiected;
Like blaſted eares among the fruitfull wheate,
Shee roames diſperc'd, and hath no certaine ſeate;
Her ſeruile neck's ſubiected to the yoke
Of bondage, open to th'impartiall ſtroke
Of conquering Gentiles, whoſe afflicting hand
Smites euery nooke of her diſguized Land;
Of Youth reſpectleſſe, nor regarding yeeres,
Nor Sexe, nor Tribe; like ſcourging Prince, and Peeres.

ELEG. 17.

RENt, and depoſed from Imperiall ſtate,
By heauens high Hand, on heauen we muſt awaite;
To him that ſtruck, our ſorrowes muſt appeale;
Where Heauen hath ſmit, no hand of man can heale;
In vaine, our wounds expected mans reliefe,
For diſappointed Hopes renew a Griefe;
Ægypt oppreſt vs in our fathers loynes,
What hope's in *Ægypt?* Nay, if *Ægypt* ioynes
Her force with *Iudah*, our vnited powers,
Could ne're preuaile 'gainſt ſuch a Foe, as our's;
Ægypt, that once did feel heauens ſcourge, for grieuing
His Flock, would now refinde it, for relieuing.

ELEG. 18.

SO, the quick-ſented Beagles, in a view,
O're hill, and dale, the fleeing Chace purſue,
As ſwift-foot Death, and Ruine follow mee,
That flees, afraid, yet knowes not where to flee:
Flee to the fields? There, with the Sword, I meet,
And, like a Watch, Death ſtands in euery ſtreet;
No Couert hides from Death; no Shade, no Cells
So darke, wherein not Death, and Horror dwells;
Our Dayes are numbred, and our Number's don,
The emptie Houre-glaſſe of our glorie's run;
Our ſinnes are ſumm'd, and ſo extreame's the ſcore,
That Heauen could not doe leſſe, nor Hell doe more.

ELEG. 19.

TO what a downfall are our fortunes come,
Subiected to the ſuffrance of a Doome,
Whoſe lingring torments, Hell could not conſpire
More ſharpe! Then which, Hell needs no other fire:
How nimble are our Foemen, to betray
Our ſoules? Eagles are not ſo ſwift as they:
Where ſhall wee flee? Or where ſhall ſorrow finde
A place for harbour? Ah, what proſp'rous winde,
Will lend a Gale, whoſe bountie ne're ſhall ceaſe,
Till we be landed on the Ile of peace?
My foes, more fierce, then emptie Lions, are,
For hungrie Lions, woed with teares, will ſpare.

ELEG. 20.

VSurping Gentils rudely haue engroſt
Into their hands, thoſe fortunes we haue loſt,
Deuoure the fruits, that purer hands did plant,
Are plump and pamp'red; with that bread we want,
And (what is worſe then death) a Tyrant treades
Vpon our Throne; Pagans adorne their heades,
With our loſt Crownes; Their powers haue diſioynted
The Members of our State, and heauens Anoynted,
Their hands haue cruſht, and rauiſht from his Throne,
And made a Slaue, for Slaues to tread vpon;
Needes muſt that flock be ſcatter'd, and accurſt,
Where Wolfes haue dar'd to ſeize the Shepheard, firſt.

ELEG. 21.

WAxe fat with laughing (*Edom*;) with glad eyes,
Behold the fulneſſe of our miſeries;
Triumph (thou Type of Antichriſt) and feede
Thy ſoule with ioy, to ſee thy brothers ſeede
Ruin'd, and rent, and rooted from the earth;
Make haſte, and ſolace thee with earely mirth;
But there's a time, ſhall teach thee how to weepe,
As many teares, as I; thy lips, as deepe
Shall drinke in ſorrowes Cup, as mine haue don,
Till then, cheere vp thy ſpirits, and laugh on:
Offended Iuſtice often ſtrikes by turnes;
Edom, beware, for thy next neighbour burnes.

ELEG. 22.

YEe drooping ſonnes of *Sion*, ô, ariſe,
And ſhut the Flood-gates of your flowing eyes,
Surceaſe your ſorrowes, and your ioyes attend,
For Heauen hath ſpoke it, and your griefes ſhall end;
Beleeue it *Sion*; ſeeke no curious ſigne,
And waite heauens pleaſure, as heauen waited thine;
And thou triumphing *Edom*, that doeſt lye
In beds of Roſes; thou, whoſe proſp'rous eye
Did ſmile, to ſee the Gates of *Sion* fall,
Shalt be ſubiected to the ſelfe-ſame thrall;
Sion, that weepes, ſhall ſmile; and *Edom's* eye,
That ſmiles ſo faſt, as faſt ſhall ſhortly crye.

The Prophet IEREMIE his Prayer for the diſtreſſed people of IERVSALEM, and SION.

GReat God, before whoſe all-diſcerning eye,
The ſecret corners of mans heart, doe lye
As open as his Actions, which no Clowde
Of ſecrecie can ſhade; no ſhade can ſhrowde,
Behold the Teares, ô, harken to the Cryes
Of thy poore Sion; *Wipe her weeping eyes,*
Binde vp her bleeding wounds, ô thou, that art
The beſt Chirurgeon, for a broken heart:
See, how the barb'rous Gentiles haue intruded
Into the Land of Promiſe, and excluded
Thoſe rightfull Owners, from their iuſt poſſeſſions,
That wander now, full laden with oppreſſions;
Our Fathers (ah) their ſauage hands haue ſtaine,
Whoſe deaths, our widdow-mothers weepe in vaine;
Our Springs, whoſe Cryſtall plentie, once diſburſt
Their bounteous fauours, to quench euery thurſt;
Our lib'rall Woods, whoſe palſie-ſhaken tops,
To euery ſtranger, bow'd their yeelding lops,
Are ſold to vs, that haue no price to pay,
But ſweat, and toile, the ſorrowes of the day;
Oppreſſors trample on our ſeruile necks,
We neuer ceaſe to groane, nor they, to vexe;
Famin, and Dearth haue taught our hands t'extend
To Aſhur, *and our feeble knees, to bend*
To churliſh Pharoe; *Want of bread compells*
Thy ſernants to begge Almes of Infidells;

The Prophets prayer.

Our wretched Fathers ſinn'd, and yet they ſleepe
In peace, and haue left vs, their ſonnes, to weepe;
We, we extracted from their ſinfull loynes,
Are guiltie of their ſinnes; Their Oſſa *ioynes,*
To our high Pelion; *Aye! their crimes doe ſtand,*
More firmely entayled to vs, then our Land:
We are the ſlaues of ſeruants, and the ſcorne
Of ſlaues; of all forſaken, and forlorne;
Hunger hath forc'd vs, to acquire our food,
With deepeſt danger, of our deareſt blood;
Our skins are wrinckled, and the fruitleſſe ploughs
Of want, haue fallow'd vp our barren browes;
Within that Sion, *which thy hands did build,*
Our Wiues were raiſht, and our Maides defil'd;
Our ſauage Foe, extends his barb'rous rage
To all, nor ſparing Sexe, nor Youth, nor Age;
They hang our Princes, on the ſhamefull Trees
Of Death; reſpect no Perſons, no Degrees;
Our Elders are deſpiſed, whoſe gray haires,
Are but the Index *of their dating yeares;*
Our flowring youth are forced to fulfill
Their painfull taskes, in the laborious Mill;
Our Children faint, beneath their loades, and crye,
Oppreſt with burthens, vnder which they lye;
Sages are baniſht from Iuditiall Courts,
And Youth takes no delight in youthfull ſports;
Our ioyes are gone, and promiſe no returning,
Our pleaſure's turn'd to paine; our mirth, to mourning;
Our Hand hath loſt her Sword; our Head, his Crowne;
Our Church, her Glorie; our Weale, her high Renowne;
Lord, we haue ſinn'd, and theſe our ſins haue brought
This world of griefe; (O purchace dearely bought!)

From

The Prophets prayer.

From hence our ſorrowes, and from hence our Feares
Proceed; for this, our eyes are blinde with Teares;
But that (aye that) which my poore heart doth count
Her ſharpeſt torture, is; Thy ſacred Mount,
Sacred Mount Sion; Sion, *that diuine*
Seate of thy glorie's raz'd; her tender Vine,
Laden with ſwelling Cluſters, is deſtroyd,
And Foxes now, what once thy Lambs, enioyd.
But thou (O thou Eternall God) whoſe Throne
Is permanent, whoſe glorie's euer One,
Vnapt for Change, abiding ſtill the ſame,
Though Earth conſume, and Heauen diſſolue her frame,
Why doſt thou (ah!) why doſt thou thus abſent
Thy glorious Face? Oh, wherefore haſt thou rent
Thy Mercy from vs? O! when wilt thou bee
Attond to them, that haue no truſt, but Thee.
Reſtore vs (Lord) and let our ſoules poſſeſſe
Our wonted peace; O, let thy Hand redreſſe,
Our waſted fortunes; Let thine Eye behold
Thy ſcatter'd Flocke, and driue them to their Fold;
Canſt thou reject that People, which thy Hand
Hath choſe, and planted in the promis'd Land?
O thou (the Spring of mercy) wilt thou ſend
No eaſe to our Afflictions, no end?

FINIS.

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